

THE EUGENE DAILY GUARD

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 5, 1909

A GLANCE AT HISTORY

Charles the First, with stately walk, made the journey to the block. As he paced the street along, silence fell upon the throng; from that throng there burst a sigh, for a king was come to die. Charles upon the scaffold stood, in his veins no craven blood; calm, serene he viewed the crowd, while the headsman said aloud: "Cheer up, Charlie, smile and sing! Death's a most delightful thing! I will cure your hacking cough, when I chop your head-piece off! Headache, toothache, they're a bore! You will never have them more! Cheer up, Charlie, dance and yell! Here's the axe, and all is well! I thought but a humble dub, represent the Sunshine Club, and our motto is worth while: 'Do not worry—sing and smile!' Therefore let us both be gay, as we do our stunts today: I to swing the shining axe, you to take a few swift whacks. Lumpty-doodle, lumpty-ding, do not worry, smile and sing!" —WALT MASON.

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NECESSITY FOR ROAD TO COAST

Several thousand dollars were subscribed to the stock of the Eugene-Siuslaw railroad yesterday, mostly in small amounts. A majority of the people of Eugene see the great necessity for such a railroad and are helping along what they can afford to in the way of raising the funds necessary to the commencement of work. Still, there are many large property owners whose interests would be greatly benefited by it, who are either holding back their subscriptions, or making the amounts so small that they are inconsequential.

Those who are assisting this enterprise to the best of their ability have considered the railroad situation here in an intelligent way, and have reached the only logical conclusion—that we cannot build up a large city, with factory payrolls, until the problem of transportation facilities is solved.

Nothing except a short haul to navigable water over an independent line of road will ever secure for Eugene terminal rates—or anything approaching such rates, no matter how many other railroads build into the city. This is a fact that should not be lost sight of, because without more favorable freight rates there can never be any large and successful factories here.

We have it in our power to build a railroad to the Siuslaw, which will naturally be extended to Coos Bay if the community unites upon the movement. Without such a road it will always be a hard struggle to secure such industries as will be found necessary in the building up of a prosperous city.

NORWAY'S POPULAR MONARCH

Throughout the kingdom of Norway this week and in every nook and corner of the world where the hardy sons of the nation of the north have penetrated, there are fervent prayers of "God save the king." For Tuesday was the birthday of Haakon the Seventh, whom all loyal Norwegians call king.

When the joint kingdom of Norway and Sweden reached the parting of the ways, in 1905, the Norwegian people looked about them for a suitable monarch. They were setting up in the independent monarchy business for themselves, and not forced, like the people of other kingdoms, to take what Providence gave them, willy nilly.

Although they were not sufficiently democratic to raise one of their own nobles to the throne, and by the rules of the royal game confine their choice to one of kingly blood, the Norwegians were yet particular as to the character of the man selected to rule them. They showed wisdom in the choice of Prince Charles, of Denmark, who was proffered and accepted the crown, along with the title of Haakon VII.

In the matter of ancestry the new king may be said to be strong. Born on August 3, 1872, just thirty-seven years ago Tuesday, he was the second son of King Frederick VIII of Denmark, and as Prince Charles was a great favorite with the Danish people. His Aunt Alexandra is queen of Great Britain and Ireland, his Uncle George the king of the Hellenes, which is Greek for Greeks, and his Aunt Dagmar was empress of Russia during the reign of Czar Alexander III, and mother of the present czar.

As Prince Charles, with little possibility of becoming ruler of a great nation, Haakon VII married in 1896 the Princess Maud, third daughter of King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra. Their son, Olav Alexander Edward Christian Frederick, was born six years ago on July 2. By this marriage to the Princess Maud Haakon acquired the English king as a father-in-law as well as an uncle.

King Haakon is an accomplished gentleman of many parts, being an expert sailor and a thorough horseman, besides having some ability as a statesman. Both the king and queen are great favorites with the subjects who adopted them as their monarchs, and as for the little six-year-old prince—well, there's hardly a Norwegian who would not lay down his life for that youngster. So, although we Americans bitterly hate all kings, let's lay aside our prejudices and join the Norwegians in singing:

"He bane von yolly gud fellow; God save the King."

Men and teams are in demand in Lane county and the supply is scarcely equal to the demand. What will be after work is fairly started on the railroad to Klamath Falls, a work that will employ several thousand men and hundreds of teams for two or three years?

Speaking of factories, we are shipping a great deal of brick into Eugene with which to build business blocks and public

buildings. Also, our fruit growers are shipping their products in boxes made in other cities. Why should such conditions exist?

When our girls prefer a \$3 engagement ring, bought for cash, to a \$100 one, bought on the installment plan, reform, with a big "R," will begin to sit up and take notice.

Reyes profited by Castro's experience. He is said to have taken gold coin to the value of \$20,000,000 with him when he left Colombia, and to have left nothing that could be confiscated. If true, his European popularity is assured.

Once upon a time it was supply and demand that regulated prices, but the good, kind trusts have changed all that old-fashioned sort of thing by arranging to regulate the supply and thereby control the prices at will.

Perhaps, if more dining car patrons would hand out swats, a la Stone, instead of tips, there would be an improvement in the breed of surly, lazy and impudent negro waiters usually found on them.

Everything comes to him that waits. Evidently the Portland, Eugene & Eastern people expect that Springfield bridge to come to them in due course of time.

Looks like General Prosperity has assumed the dictatorship in this country again.

CONTRACTORS ON NEW RAILROAD GIVEN THEIR WORK

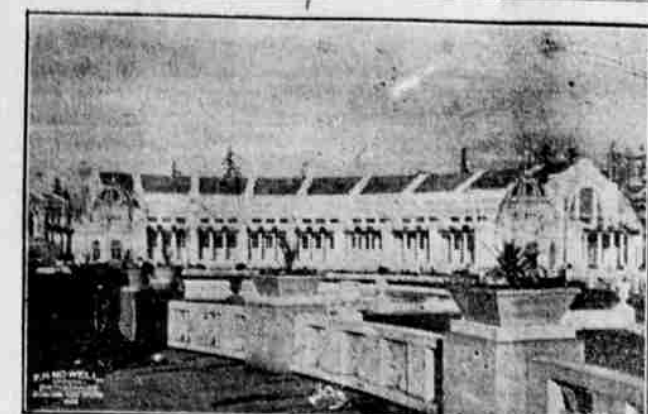
Men With Contractor Wattis Each Allotted a Certain Stretch of Track

E. O. Wattis, of the Utah Construction Company, who have the contract for the construction of the first section of the Naton-Klamath Falls extension of the Southern Pacific's cut-off from Eugene to Weed, Cal., accompanied by the nine or ten men who came here with him from California, returned to Eugene last night from a trip over that portion of the route on which they will build. The other men are all sub-contractors, and the trip was made for the purpose of allotting each a section of the road, and to locate construction camps.

Construction materials will be here from California in a few days, and soon thereafter the dirt will begin to fly. Mr. Wattis has been busy today arranging to contract for supplies and means of transportation for his workmen.

The big tunnel spoken of by The Guard is at Hazel Dell, on the Rigdon place. This one, which will be the longest on the whole route from Naton to Klamath Falls, will be 2,200 feet long. There are only two others on this contract, and they are short ones. They are this side of the big tunnel.

Those desiring to take a course in telegraphy should correspond with A. D. Smith, box 214, Eugene, Or. He is in a position to open a school of telegraphy here in September if a sufficient number desire such a course.



LOOKING ACROSS GEYSER BASIN AT HORTICULTURAL HALL.

No fairer scene can be offered any place than the outlook from the foot of the Alaska Monument on the grounds of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition. Standing directly in front of the great building of the United States Government, the enormous golden eagle on his towering perch of northern gold keeps watch and guard over the most perfect exposition city that has ever been reared. Under his eye are gathered the rarest collection of man's examples of skill and art ever assembled, and these find shelter in a magnificent group of permanent and temporary buildings, whose architectural design and clever construction exemplify the very highest of man's inventive ability.

At night when the long twilight of the northern latitudes close down, the manifold beauties of the spot show their greatest charm. With the fading of day comes the romance of evening and the millions of lamps, made brilliant by electricity, flash their rainbow tints over a land such as fairies might have builded. The rushing, tumbling torrents of the Cascades pour their enormous volume over a bed covered by electric bulbs, and from the quiet pool of Geyser Basin are reflected as in a mirror. Electroliters of French design are lavishly scattered beneath the trees, and from their clear rays the fields of flowers are seen in added hues.

THE GUILTY PARTY

By O. HENRY.

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RED haired, unshaven, untidy man sat in a rocking chair by a window. He had just lighted a pipe and was puffing blue clouds with great satisfaction. He had removed his shoes and donned a pair of blue, faded carpet slippers. With the morbid thirst of the confirmed daily news drinker, he awkwardly folded back the pages of an evening paper, eagerly gulping down the strong, black headlines, to be followed as a chaser by the milder details of the smaller type.

In an adjoining room a woman was cooking supper. Odors from strong bacon and boiling coffee contended against the cut plug fumes from the fireplace.

Outside was one of those crowded streets of the east side in which as twilight falls Satan sets up his recruiting office. A mighty host of children danced and ran and played in the street. Above the playground forever hovered a great bird. The bird was known to humorists as the stork. But the people of Christie street were better ornithologists. They called it a vulture.

A little girl of twelve came up timidly to the man reading and resting by the window and said:

"Papa, won't you play a game of checkers with me if you aren't too tired?"

The red haired, unshaven, untidy man sitting shabbily by the window answered, with a frown:

"Checkers! No! I won't. Can't a man who works hard all day have a little rest when he comes home? Why don't you go out and play with the other kids on the sidewalk?"

The woman who was cooking came to the door.

"John," she said, "I don't like for Lizzie to play in the street. They learn too much there that ain't good for 'em. She's been in the house all day long. It seems that you might give up a little of your time to amuse her when you come home."

"Let her go out and play like the rest of 'em if she wants to be amused," said the red haired, unshaven, untidy man, "and don't bother me."

"You're on," said Kid Mullaly. "Fifty dollars to \$25 I take Annie to the dance. Put up."

The Kid's black eyes were snapping with the fire of the baited and challenged. He drew out his "roll" and slapped five tens upon the bar. The three or four young fellows who were thus "taken" more slowly produced their stakes.

"And, oh, what'll be done to you'll be a plenty," said a better, with anticipatory glee.

"That's my lookout," said the Kid sternly. "Fill 'em up all around, Mike."

After the round Burke, the Kid's sponge, sponge holder, pal, mentor and grand vizier, drew him out to the boot-black stand at the saloon corner, where all the official and important matters of the Small Hours Social club were settled.

"Cut that blond out, Kid," was his advice, "or there'll be trouble. What do you want to throw down that girl of yours for? You'll never find one that'll freeze to you like Liz has. She's worth a half full of Annie's."

"I'm no Annie admirer!" said the Kid, dropping a cigarette ash on his polished toe and wiping it off on Tony's shoulder. "But I want to teach Liz a lesson. She thinks I belong to her. She's been bragging that I daren't speak to another girl. Liz is all right—in some ways. She's drinking a little too much lately. And she uses language that a lady oughtn't."

"You're engaged, ain't you?" asked Burke.

"Sure. We'll get married next year, maybe."

"I saw you make her drink her first glass of beer," said Burke. "That was two years ago, when she used to come down to the corner of Christie bare-headed to meet you after supper. She was a quiet sort of a kid then and couldn't speak without blushing."

"She's a little spitfire somethin' now," said the Kid. "I hate jealousy. That's why I'm going to the dance with Annie. I'll teach her some sense."

"Well, you better look a little out," were Burke's last words. "If Liz was my girl and I was to sneak out to a dance coupled up with an Annie I'd want a suit of chain armor on under my gaudy rags, all right."

Through the land of the stork-vulture wandered Liz. Her black eyes searched the passing crowds feverishly, but vaguely. Now and then she hummed bars of foolish little songs.

Liz's skirt was green silk. Her waist was a large brown and pink plaid, well fitting and not without style. She wore a cluster of rings of huge imitation rubies and a locket that hung her knees at the bottom of a silver chain. Her shoes were run down over twisted high heels and were strangers to polish. Her hat would scarcely have passed into a four barrel.

The "family entrance" of the Blue Jay cafe received her.

"Whisky, Tommy," she said as her sisters farther uptown murmur.

"Champagne, James."

"Sure, Miss Lizzie! What'll the chaser be?"

"Setzer. And, say, Tommy, has the Kid been around today?"

"Why, no, Miss Lizzie, I haven't seen him today."

"I'm lookin' for 'm," said Liz after

the chaser had sputtered under her nose. "It's got to me that he says he'll take Annie Karlson to the dance. Let him. The pink eyed white rat! I'm lookin' for 'm. You know me, Tommy. Two years me and the Kid've been engaged. Look at that ring. Five hundred he said it cost. Let him take her to the dance. What'll I do? I'll cut his heart out. Another whisky, Tommy."

"I wouldn't listen to no such reports, Miss Lizzie," said the waiter smoothly from the narrow opening above his chin. "Kid Mullaly's not the guy to throw a lady like you down. Seltzer on the side?"

"Two years," repeated Liz, softening a little to sentiment under the magic of the distiller's art. "I always used to play out on the street of evenin's 'cause there was nothin' doin' for me at home. For a long time I just sat on doorsteps and looked at the lights and the people goin' by. And then the Kid came along one evenin' and sized me up, and I was mashed on the spot for fair. The first drink he made me take I cried all night at home and got a lickin' for makin' a noise. And now—say, Tommy, you ever see this Annie Karlson? If it wasn't for peroxide the chloroform limit would have put her out long ago. Oh, I'm lookin' for 'm. You tell the Kid if he comes in. Me? I'll cut his heart out. Another whisky, Tommy."

A little unsteadily, but with watchful and brilliant eyes, Liz walked up the avenue toward the Small Hours Social club.

At 9 o'clock the president, Kid Mullaly, paced upon the floor with a lady on his arm. As the Lorelei's was her hair golden. Her "yes" was softened to a "yah," but its quality of assent was patent to the most Milesian ears. She stepped upon her own train and blushed, and—she smiled into the eyes of Kid Mullaly.

And then as the two stood in the middle of the waxed floor the thing happened to prevent which many lamps are burning nightly in many studies and libraries.

Out from the circle of spectators in the hall leaped Fate in a green silk skirt under the nom de guerre of Liz. Her eyes were hard and blacker than jet. She did not scream or waver. Most unwomanly she cried out one oath, the Kid's own favorite oath and in his own deep voice, and then while the Small Hours Social club went frantically to pieces she made good her boast to Tommy, the waiter—made good as far as the length of her knife blade and the strength of her arm permitted.

Liz ran out and down the street swift and true as a woodcock flying through a grove of saplings at dusk.

And then followed the big city's biggest shame, handed down from a long ago century of the basest barbarity—the hue and cry. Nowhere but in the big cities does it survive, and here most of all, where the ultimate perfection of culture, citizenship and alleged superiority joins bawling in the chase.

They pursued, a shrieking mob of fathers, mothers, lovers and maidens, howling, yelling, calling, whistling, crying for blood.

Knowing her way and hungry for her success, she darted down the familiar ways until at last her feet struck the dull solidity of the rotting pier. And then it was but a few more panting steps, and good mother East river took Liz to her bosom, soothed her muddled, but quickly, and settled in five minutes the problem that keeps lights burning of nights in thousand of pastorate and colleges.

It's mighty funny what kind of dreams one has sometimes. Poets call them visions, but a vision is only a dream in blank verse. I dreamed the rest of this story.

I thought I was in the next world and there was a great crowd of us outside the courtroom where the judgments were going on. And every now and then a very beautiful and imposing court officer angel would come outside the door and call another case in a loud voice.

While I was considering my own worldly sins and wondering whether there would be any use of my trying to prove an alibi by claiming that I lived in New Jersey the ballist angel came to the door and sang out, "Case No. 99,852,743!"

Up stepped a plain clothes man—there were lots of 'em there, dressed exactly like preachers and hustling us spirits around just as cops do on earth—and by the arm he dragged—whom, do you think? Why, Liz!

The court officer took her inside and closed the door. I went up to Mr. Fry Cop and inquired about the case.

"A very sad one," says he, laying the points of his manicured fingers together—"an utterly incorrigible girl. I am special terrestrial officer, the Rev. Jones. The case was assigned to me. The girl murdered her fiancé and committed suicide. She had no defense. My report to the court relates the facts in detail, all of which are substantiated by reliable witnesses. The wages of sin is death. Praise the Lord!"

The court officer opened the door and stepped out.

"Poor girl!" said Special Terrestrial Officer the Rev. Jones, with a tear in his eye. "It was one of the saddest cases that I ever met with. Of course she was—"

"Discharged," said the court officer. "Come here, Jonesy. First thing you know you'll be switched to the people squad. How would you like to be on the missionary force in the south sea islands—hey? Now, you quit making these false arrests or you'll be transferred—see? The guilty party you've got to look for in this case is a red haired, unshaven, untidy man, sitting by the window reading in his stocking feet while his children play in the streets. Get a move on you!"

Now, wasn't that a silly dream?

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, in and for the County of Lane, this 4th day of August, 1909, the within and foregoing petition for the appointment of a guardian of the estate of the said James Miller, Jr., was read and considered, and it was ordered that the said James Miller, Jr., be and he is hereby appointed guardian of the estate of the said James Miller, Jr., until the further order of the court.

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